

PS 635

-29 R465

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 823 4

R 465

2036574

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

A Tragedy

❖ IN FIVE ACTS. ❖

—BY—

34

—FREDERICK RICE.



SAN FRANCISCO:

1882.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by

FREDERICK RICE,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. All Rights Reserved.

CHARACTERS.

ALEXANDER.....	King of Macedonia
DARIUS.....	King of Persia
HEPHASTIAN.....	} Officers.
DEMETRIUS.....	
SELEUCAS.....	
PTOLEMY.....	
ANTIPATER.....	
CASSANDER.....	} Philosophers
CLITUS.....	
ARISTOTLE.....	
DIOGENES.....	
PHOCIAN.....	An orator
SISIGAMBES.....	Darius' Mother
STATIRA.....	His Wife
PHILIP.....	Alexander's Physician
ROXANA.....	Alexander's Wife
THALSA.....	Alexander's Mistress
PARMENIO.....	Alexander's General
BESSUS.....	Persian Governor
Priests and Priestesses, Doctors, Jews, Citizens, Ladies, Soldiers, A Robber.	

TMP96-J07085

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Temple in Delphi—A priestess sitting on a tripod—
A vapor rising from an opening in the ground. (Priests.)

1st PRIEST. Fortune smiles again;

This time we are not hoping in vain.

2d PRIEST. Why so brother? Speak! Let me hear!

Good news are charms to a mortal's ear.

Sure enough; you have tidings good,

Which brought you in a happy mood.

1st PRIEST. Young Alexander, Philip's son, is now

Bound to fulfill his father's vow.

With Persia he is going to fight;

He is protector of Grecian right.

But on so great an enterprise

He dare not venture without our oracle's advice.

2d PRIEST. Why? His father fought so many a battle,

But his gold was never known to rattle.

It is beyond the memory of mine

That he gave a copper to our shrine.

Still he was always victorious;

His career was called most glorious.

1st PRIEST. He was a miser; he was a knave.

Although he our temple protection gave,

He thought he showed great affection and love

By taking laurels from our sacred grove.

Wrapped them round his temples when in triumph

So he might hide his miser's bump.

He was cunning and sharp like a hawk,

But Alexander has the eagle's walk.

Like the former, Philip showed pluck and might;

Young Alexander resembles the latter in flight.

Without a good answer from this oracle,

His host of heroes will be a sad spectacle.

The Greeks will have no faith in him.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Think themselves objects of whim or wrath of the
 Gods eternal,

And be as worthless as shells without kernal.

2d PRIEST. How could Philip so well inspire his host

And lead them to conquest,

When of faith none could boast.

1st PRIEST. They were barbarians, savages, brutes in human shapes,
 In their habits resemble apes.

Some were infidels, ruffians, outcasts from Greece;

They thought by following him they should capture
 the Golden Fleece.

They would follow him through any mire,

If they thought they could gratify their wild desire.

They would have torn the world asunder

To quench their thirst for blood and plunder.

For them there was no sacred soil;

They had no other aim than spoil.

Alexander is as pious as he is brave;

A great education him Aristotle gave.

~~1st PRIEST.~~ From him he those ideas of virtue and honor received,

And faith in the gods in whom his father ^{never} believed.

Like the planets in the firmament are lighted and
 guided by the sun,

So are the heroes of Greece in their run

Led and directed by Alexander;

In his course they gladly wander.

They will follow him after the Golden Fleece.

He is the rising sun of Greece.

Enter SELUCAS and CASSANDER.

CASSANDER. Hail! ye servants of the eternal gods;

Hope our arrival make no odds.

We bring Alexander's warmest greeting;

Sorry he could not come to this meeting.

Yonder soldiers carry up the sacrifice;

Hundred talents a sum quite nice.

This after a liberal measure,

A handsome addition to your temple's treasure.

2d PRIEST. Alexander's praise we long shall sing;

A noble gift; worthy so great a king.

1st PRIEST. I'll go behind the altar,

Kneel down and sing a psalter.

Bend my head down to the sod

And thereby move the Almighty God.

PRIESTESS (Sighing). I see a form but dim.

Oh, now I see it plain! I see him!

A man in stature low;

His beard is heavy, bent is his brow.

Fierce are his eyes;

Wrinkles and furrows lies o'er his forehead;

His skin the color of lead.

2d PRIEST. King Philip's spirit,
Which to our oracle will be a great merit.

PRIESTESS. He spoke while I trembled and shook.

2d PRIEST. His words let us hear;

We are all ear.

PRIESTESS. What I commenced you shall complete.
In valor none with you shall more comepeete.

But are you lost in passion's wave,

In prime of your career be ready for the grave.

1st PRIEST. This is what we call a good oracle.

To you it might be a strange spectacle.

It is distinct and plain, there is no mixture or mess;

Was ever a mortal more sure of success?

True it has a shadow of strife;

But so is life;

There is no rosebush without thorns;

Seldom a foot found free of corns.

He knows his dangers

Wherever he ranges.

Has no cause to be annoyed

By dangers he knows and can avoid.

SCENE II—A square in Corinth.

DIOGENES and his barrel in a corner—ALEXANDER and followers
—Citizens.

ALEXANDER. Hail! ye citizens of Greece;

My love for you shall never cease.

We are waiting for Selucas and Cassander,

Whom I to Delphi sent

To give report how the oracle went;

Good or bad as the case may be;

Ye know the gods take liberty

And steer the mortal's course.

By their oracles we have a source

To get a glimpse of our destiny;

A source they left us of charity.

CITIZENS. A measure that is very wise;

Worthy the hero of Greece in his rise.

ALEXANDER. It is a custom of old among the Greeks

To be foretold of the Delphi oracle,

Before the enemy they tackle.

Before they ventured on a hazardous enterprise

From Delphi they always had some good advice.

Enter SELUCAS and CASSANDER.

ALEXANDER. Impatiently we are you awaiting;

Tell us how. Was the debating

In the holy temple of Apollo?

Shall we stay or shall we go?

CASSANDER. But I must lament
That I should represent
You know how it is,
So I hardly need mention
How such things go,
Beyond my comprehension.
I am as you know a poor believer;
And look at the priest, as a mere deceiver,
Who plays his tricks like politics;
How anxious he is to keep in fix.
The harness he got on the ignorant mass;
By superstition he leads them like a blindfolded ass.

ALEXANDER. In some points you are right may be;
But you take too much liberty.
Hard against faith and religion you batter;
And still you don't comprehend the matter.
We must have religion and priesthood,
Or else be rude, brutish and beastly.
There must be a power, now we call it priestly,
To educate and develop man.
Fit him and form him so finally he can
After he leaves his earthly tomb,
Associate with God's eternal in the worlds to come.
To you it may have a childish aspect
The way ^{our} religion tries to affect.
Not so with the non-skeptic mind;
Faith is his guide; he will round it wind.
The common man has not far out-grown his childhood;
Because he roams not like a savage through wildwood.
By degrees his head will be clearer,
And changing his mood
He then must be guided different from what he is now;
But 'fore guides and leaders he will always bow.

SELUCCAS. The oracle spoke through your father's spirit.

ALEXANDER. Speak! Speak! let us hear.

SELUCCAS. "What I commenced ye shall complete;
In valor none with you shall more compete.
But are you lost in passion's wave,
In prime of your career be ready for the grave.

ALEXANDER. Hopeful and cherishing is the sound;
Still it seems for sorrow bound.

CASSANDER. Don't let this cursed nonsense
Weigh your courage and humor down to repentance.
Don't let it be said of Alexander
That he round like a shadow wander.

ALEXANDER. Don't be alarmed; have no fear;
You shall never find me in the rear.

ANTIP. Come let us take a little stroll;
Look at the great Diogenes,

Whose fame is none the less
Because he made a barrel his house,
And worries about to imitate a dog or a mouse.

DMT. Why don't you get a chain
To tie round your neck, so you could be proud and vain
Of being inventor,
Make it fast to your barrel's center.

HEPH. Hail! you wisest of mortals;
Rather low is your palace's portals.
How do you fare of late?
Is none allowed inside your gate?
How is your house? Does it leak?
I'll sound it and give it a kick. (Kicks the barrel.)

ALEXANDER. Stop comrades! stop! no more ridicule;
To mock at misery is against my rule.
I'll treat him kindly and upon him bestow some caress;
How can I serve you Diogenes?

DIOGENES. Stand out of my way
And give the sun its sway.

ALEXANDER. Is that all you can possibly ask of me?

DIOGENES. I am proud as you and still more free.

ALEXANDER! By Jove! he surprises me;
How independent, proud and free
He is in spite of his misery.
By Hercules! Was I not Alexander,
Like Diogenes would I wander.

PTOLEMY. Whilst you were satisfying your curiosity,
A messenger came and tidings brought
Of a battle they fought
Against the barbarians, of whom
They are now besieged in a little fort;
The time is but short till they must surrender.

ALEXANDER. Up heroes! we'll teach them a lesson dear,
So they shall not come near our frontier
For years to come. These barbarian
Hordes shall keep a distance from our borders.
(Shouts and flourish.)

SCENE III—Thebes in ruins—ALEXANDER and followers.

ALEXANDER. Now here the Thebans have had their reward;
I them have shown my best regard.
Their city in ruins lain;
Six thousand of their ablest men were slain.
It served them right

To break the peace with force and might.
 My garrison in Cadmea they made war upon
 Whilst I was gone.
 I gave them time enough to repent.
 Oh? they only laughed and on they went.
 For the gate of peace they themselves put the bar;
 And now they must suffer the result of war.
 Cruel it seems the people were deceived;
 Led to insurrection by reports of my death they believed;
 But how will I rule this tumultuous, obstinate set.
 Always restless and ready
 To be led by orators, demagogues and politicians;
 Men of talent but base under all conditions.
 Avaricious, selfish and cruel;
 Little they care if the State is cut up for fuel.
 So they themselves may rise in power;
 On the people's ruins they build their tower.
 How busy they are in pulling the wires
 So they can gratify their vile desires
 To roll in wealth and luxury
 And mock at people's poverty.
 This shall not be! I'll lay Thebes waste
 To teach the Greeks a lesson they'll not forget in haste.
 So must, so shall it be.
 Justice only makes mankind free.
 Pity and mercy are virtues sublime;
 But shown to the criminal to society is crime.
 The groans of the wounded and dying I hear;
 The women's and children's lament still rings in my ear.

ANTIP. Are you thinking of the grand and holy?
 You look so sad and melancholy.

ALEXANDER. Just thought of the curse of war,
 Avarice and ambition's bar
 For peace and happiness of man.
 So was my reflection;
 How to give my protection;
 How horrible and grand to be a king
 And leader in the war gods' ring.

ANTIP. By Mars! the Athenians ought to fare like the Thebans
 of late;
 For they have a right to share an equal fate,
 How busy they were to form this plot;
 I think they are the guiltiest of the lot.

ALEXANDER. Orders I gave them to deliver
 Ten orators of the very best quiver.
 Demosthenes stood foremost on the list

Among those I would like to decorate with irons on
the wrist.

They had a council where Phocion said
He desired to be delivered.
Their machinations brought misery on the state
And they were to blame for its fate.
He, for his part, should be glad
To die for the commonwealth
If he thereby could alter its fate so sad.
Athenus was saved.
My wrath cooled down and away it waved.
Great is my joy to have found a toy
Which like a magic rod in my hand
Shall reform and correct a degraded band.

PTO. He ought have a reward.

ALEXANDER. I sent Demetrius with a guard,
A hundred talents as a present to him.

PTO. Your benevolence floats to the brim.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

ALEX. How did he the present receive?

DEM. It is hard to believe;
He refused the present to take;
Still he is in poverty's wake.

Enter PHOCION.

PHO. Why has this selection of such a bounty been my fate?

ALEX. Because you are, after my measure,
The only just and honest man in your state.

PHO. Then let me suffer to be what I am;
And not by your gold build a dam,
Which only will check my honest career
And destroy my fame's foundation tier.
Let me on my old platform stand.

ALEX. Noble! Grand! Hear what orders Darius gave;
Philip's crazy boy goes out from his cave;
Give him a flogging and send him home;
That will break his desire to roam.
By my ancestor Achilles!
His pride and vanity shall be less;
When first he gets to test our swords,
He shall speak in less insulting words.

ANTIPATOR. You at home shall stay;
Keep things smooth and our enemies at bay.
Twelve thousand men, that's all I can spare;
Be prudent and mild but firm without scare.

And be hailed as liberator for a world in distress.
Farewell my pupil! My hopeful King!
The leading spirit hero's in ring.

ALEXANDER. Farewell my teacher! My guide in youth!
When I take your counsel my measures will suit.
If not before we will meet at Olympia's portals.
Farewell, Aristotle, the wisest of mortals.

CHORUS. Now we are ready for Asia's coast,
We are ready to start;
Of victories none shall the Persian's boast.
In his stately cart shall Darius tremble and shake;
When our phalanx smart in his ranks a wide opening
will make.

Forward for the Golden Fleece!
Conquer or die for the glory of Greece.

We will resemble the heroes of old,
Of whom Homer so beautiful told.
Be like the famous conquerors of Troy;
In peril and danger we look for our joy.
Our battle cry, the Golden Fleece;
Conquer or die for the glory of Greece.

ACT II.

SCENE I—Battle of Granicus—Alexander's army.

PARMENIO. I do advise you to delay
All further movements and await the dawning of a
brighter day,
If we persist we leave ourselves a prey in our enemies'
hand;
We are too weak to match that formidable band.
This river too seems difficult to ford;
How will it be to route out Asia's horde?
Too hard a task to climb these steep and rugged banks;
And harder still to break their firm and solid ranks;
If here us any mishaps meet,
Our bold advance will end in sad defeat.

ALEXANDER. Before it shall be said
That here the Greeks have fled,
We'll fill this river up and bridge it with our dead.
CHARGE!

SCENE II—Temple in Gordium—An ancient chariot in a corner—
PTOLEMY, DEMETRIUS, HEPHACIUS.

PTOLEMY. By Mars! this was a glorious battle;
The wide world over our fame will rattle.

DEM. If not for Alexander's dash,
Our fame might have had a terrible smash.

HEPH. By taking Parmenia's advice
~~I saw she was a niece of Sesostris.~~

We would have failed in our enterprise.

SEL. Sure enough! a further delay
Would give the enemy too much sway.

CAS. A strong position and easy to keep,
On Granica's banks, rugged and steep.
The stream was very hard to cross;
Our cavalry suffered heavy loss.

How the rapids roared and frowned;
I saw many washed away and drowned?

DEM. I saw Alexander slay two Persian officers, one a chief!

SEL. But he himself was in need of relief.

CAS. If not for Clitus he would now be dead!
How the Persians for him made;
His helmet cleft, blood ran over his face;
They hewed him with sword and mace.
Oh! how I felt, not able to give them a belt;
I was pressed so tight in the mass;
And there I stood like a fool and an ass.
Clitus came now! Oh, what a row!
What blows he strack; helmets and cuiraser he broke
like a shell

His sword can tell.

For every blow a Persian bit the grass;
He made an opening in their mass.

HEPH. And may his praise forever sound;
His equal is not easy found.

Enter ALEXANDER and CLITUS.

CLITUS. Now here the old chariot stands,
On which King Midas tied his bands.

ALEXANDER. And his old prophecy to it clings;
About a knot that rings
From the yoke to the pole;
He who looses it shall be the sole
Sovereign of Asia. I will give this old prophecy sway
And untie it in my own way,
To say the truth it is a queer old buzzle,
And sure for me it is a puzzle.

(Cuts it apart with his sword.)

This may not be after the prophet's will;
We will see now the prophecy does fulfill.
But I think I am able to carry it out,
And put King Darius to route.

SCENE III—Tarsus—ALEXANDER lying sick—Doctors.

1st DOCTOR. Great King, your case is desperate;
You caught an awful cold
In being so rash and bold
To bathe in yonder stream,
When you were heated up to steam.

This cold has settled on your lung;
 How painful in my ears it rung.
 When I heard you cough
 I knew enough.
 Such a cold makes a terrible theft;
 Of your lungs not a half an ounce is left.
 Here is my balsam; it will restore a man to health
 When he is tore away from life;
 Will fit him for another strife.
 Try it! try it! noble King;
 And how your disease will take wing;
 And the birds of the air my praise shall sing.
 I beg you, with my eyes full of tears,
 Try it and you shall live for a thousand years.

2d DOCTOR. Oh! don't believe him; his tale is whim.
 He was in Babylon the greatest quack,
 And gave our profession a terrible crack.
 He and his stamp for our profession are bars;
 He kills more by his cures than Cyrus by all his wars.
 But here I have an herb so fine
 Extracted from the roots of the tree of knowledge
 That stood in the ancient garden divine;
 It renews, purifies, creates blood;
 It puts a mortal in the happiest mood;
 Strange, very strange it does sound,
 But the garland of truth it wears around.
 I was in Egypt to learn my profession;
 Now I shall make an open confession.
 I had just got my receipt;
 Its virtues I will not again repeat.
 My teacher was a famous magician;
 From Ethiopia he came, but when
 I could not tell. He suddenly died.
 Well, among the pupils I was his favorite.
 So left this receipt; this marvelous piece of knowledge;
 That was wealth when I left my college.
 By his death I was friendless and lonesome;
 Left the city and come
 Out in the mountains to take a stroll;
 Rambled about and got up on a knoll.
 By looking around I found a cave;
 Walked in and lo! it was an ancient grave.
 I saw there so many tombs
 And mummies like bees in honeycombs.
 One especially attracted my attention;
 A beautiful female, and I shall mention
 That her form and features struck me by their beauty.
 I did admire her; I thought it my duty.
 By reading the inscription on the frieze

*I saw she was a niece
 of Sesostri -*

A famous king in Egypt's land
 And leader of a gallant band.
 Burial date her tomb not bears,
 But I think she had laid there for two thousand years;
 It struck me now to try my herb;
 I put my phial to her lips,
 Whilst I stood trembling on my tips;
 Oh! what a change! Oh! what a revenge!
 The blood came rushing up into her cheeks;
 I had not been so scared for many weeks.
 When she breathed and arose,
 I wasn't far from losing my nose.
 She grabbed my bottle; drank its contents in a single
 dram,

Whilst I stood trembling like a lamb.
 And how will I describe my mood,
 When she stood a dazzling beauty in the prime of
 womanhood?

My reward was anything but mean;
 To-day she is of fashion in Memphis—a queen.
 From that hour my fame was universal;
 It spread the world over wide and far,
 For my science death has no longer a bar.

3d DOCTOR Give his tale no ear.

A more infamous liar you never will hear.
 But here I have a pill which increases or ceases the
 growth of man at your will.

And here is my powder,
 It can make the unborn child into a mess of chowder.
 They are both fruits of my own invention;
 Gotten up with a great intention.
 To check and control nature's course —
 Benevolent to a doctor's purse.

Enter PHILIP. (Exeunt Doctors.)

ALEX. How is my case?
 Am I in danger?

PHIL. If death not in your system ranger,
 This medicine will prove an avenger.
 We will trust in your youth and strong constitution;
 But not cherish a false illusion—against a will of the
 Gods

Our efforts make little odds.

(Hands him a goblet)

(Alex. takes it and gives Philip a letter),
 (Drinks the contents whilst Philip is reading.)

ALEXANDER. Now what do you think of Parmenios letter?

It is not so good but it might been better.
 He writes that Darius bribed me to fix up some poison
 in it, in your medicine mix.

Another of Parmenio's malicious tricks.

ALEX. My confidence in you is too wide awake for any slanderer to shake.

SCENE IV—Battle of Issus—ALEXANDER addresses his army.

ALEX. See Persian columns filling up the pass;
But soon one Phalanx shall open up their mass.
Asia's despot and his selfish swarms shall not stop the
Grecian freemens' arms.

Nor these hirelings who, to him have sold,
Country, honor and their lives for gold
They out-number us by ten to one!
But if their arrows darken the sun, and be their numbers
twenty times as large,
We count them not, but
Forward! Forward! Charge!!

SCENE V—Persian camp, Persians flying—Tables spread for a banquet—Noise of the battle—Darius rushing in, throws away his arms and royal attire—Sisymbambis, Statira, Roxana and their attendants.

DAR. Unfortunate, unlucky star!
Which led me to this mountain bar,
Where my countless host against the hardy Greeks of
one success can boast.

When we from this part have fled,
Bolder and bolder they will push ahead.
Wait till we get them out on our plain,
Then we will have our revenge again.

SESIG. You were told not to go into the fight;
The stars' positions were anything but right.

DAR. What have they to do with our wars.
I trust in armies, not in stars.
(The Greeks are heard coming)
(Exit Darius.)

STATIRA. Oh, cruel fate! I wish I could follow,
But oh, too late.
Horrible our lot to be left without protection,
Trusting to our enemies' affection.

ROXANA. I have been told that Alexander so fierce and bold, has a
heart as pure and as fine as gold.

Enter ALEXANDER and his followers.

Hail you noble queens,
I know what your sorrow means;
You are left destitute without protection,
Be assured of my affection;
But where did Darius go?

STATIRA. O horror! Tale of woe!
He may be killed by the pursuing foe.
He fled and left his royal arms,
And thereby threw away the charms

Which might have saved his precious life
And brought him out of this horrible strife.

ALEX. Oh, he is safe, his horse is fleet as a deer,
None of my horsemen can get to him near.

Now, queen, we obey your voice
And bring you safe to any place of your choice.

SISYG. May laurels around your temple wreath,
And may the future call you great.

ALEX. Don't flatter me, ladies fair,
With us it is no custom rare to show the gentle sex
attention.

A custom so old it's not worth mention.

To do for the ladies the very best,
Was always a rule we kept in the west.

Ptolemy, give ear to my voice,
And bring these ladies to a place of their choice.

(Exeunt ladies and Ptolemy.)

ALEX. Now comrades for a feast,
A recreation we deserve at least
After this glorious battle.
Now let goblets and dishes rattle.

(They set down)

CAS. By the mighty Hercules!
Now we can boast of our success.
Well might the Persian women weep,
Their heroes fled before us like sheep.

HEPH. When Darius from his chariot leaps, the victory was
reaped.

SEL. The charge Alexander bravely led
Whilst Darius like a coward fled.

CLITUS. So is Darius' cowardice the ladder on which Alexander
will rise.

CAS. What about the Persian stars,
Their trustees and protecting bars,?
Astrologers are their surest guide,
But I think they had better hide;
Their horoscope must have been wrong,
Or else they lied in their song.
If they their believers did inspire,
They only yielded to their own desire;
Perhaps they made a blunder,
Their glasses not clean nor taken assunder.
With all respect I should call them lucky,
If they, for their neglect, to the cross be not nailed
For having the future so clumsily unveiled.

ALEX. Thanks and glory to the gods of Greece,
Soon we shall capture the Golden Fleece.

(Shouts, Flourish.)

CAS. Here is to Alexander,

Our stern commander! our hero! our king!
The leading spirit in our gallant ring.

(Shouts, Flourish.)

ALEX. Here is to my army: With men of your kind,
My enemies numbers I never need mind;
Everything must to your valor yield,
The fate of battles from this we wield.

(Shouts, Flourish.)

ALEX. What do you think of the Persian ladies?
Don't you think they were pretty and fair,
Although they were weighted down with sorrowful
care?

CAS. Their veils hinder me in seeing their faces;
Next they appear so distant,
Which becomes in such cases.
I think they were pretty—I think they were roses,
Judging from what I saw—the tips of their noses.
What a foolish etiquette they obey,
And let themselves go round like dummies,
And be wrapped up like mummies.

ALEX. No, I prefer the women of Greece,
They are not so subjective, do more as they please.
In dress and appearance suit comfort and ease;
Love and affection from their hearts never can be torn,
Of them and them only heroes are born.
(Shouts, Flourish)

ACT III.

SCENE I—Tyre in ruins—Alexander and Army.

ALEX. Another siege, bloody and long,
Another carnage and woeful song;
A leaf in my history, stained with blood,
Still, partial evil is sometimes universal good.

DEMT. It served them right,
They shall not again boast of their might;
They thought they were secure by their strong po-
sition—

Their channel and wall.
They thought we were not in condition,
They trusted to Baal;
We had no ships to get across;
They thought themselves safe from loss,
Till we found means to build this mole
So we might show ourselves like lords,
And give them a test of our flashing swords,

ALEX. I should have fared milder with them,
But to stop the soldiers were all in vain.
They turned deaf ears to my orders
When I would discipline maintain.

CAL. It would be imprudent to stop their sway;

They, too, must sometimes have their own way.
 They are humans like we,
 And also must have some liberty.

PTOLEMY. The downfall of Tyre
 Will prove an example good,
 And bring other cities in a peaceable mood.
 (Enters Jews from Jerusalem)

1st JEW. Hail you conqueror great!
 Your fame has filled our ears of late.

ALEX. Hail you sons of ancient nation!
 Is peace and friendship the occasion which brought
 you to me?

2nd JEW. Surrender will we on this condition,
 That we are left in our old position:
 Worship the God our forefathers saw,
 And live obedient to Moses' law.

ALEX. But you shall pay a tribute light,
 Pay one hundred talents, and with main and might
 I will you from your enemies protect;
 Yourselves too weak to give your rights effect.

3d JEW. This tribute is enormous high,
 It will ruin our country, our nation will die.
 O, we are very poor! O, we are very poor!
 Do you know how we were robbed on the moor?
 Nebuchadnezzar, that cursed thief!
 Great woes over Israel's children did heap.
 He burned our city,
 He burned our temple,
 He stole our treasure.
 Not a copper did he leave to Babylon, he brought our
 nation; them

Kept us for seventy years in a pen.
 We might have been there yet in slavery,
 But godly Cyrus gave us liberty.
 He sent us home to build up our temple and city.
 Blessed shall he be for his kindness and pity.
 This you see was a terrible smash,
 Hardly is healed the wounds of the lash.
 It in our memory frightful whipples,
 And we are nothing yet but cripples.

ALEX. How much can you pay?

4th SEW. I'll see. A sum of twenty-five talents is all we can
 raise; sure as I'm alive.

CAS. Don't be long with them dunning,
 Don't you see how they are cunning?

ALEX. Their story is true to my knowledge;
 I read about them while in college.
 I will not abuse my might,
 But fare with them easy and light.
 Fifty talents, how is that?

2nd JEW. Too high a price even that.

4th JEW to 2d JEW. Never mind his frown,
Jew him down brother! Jew him down!

ALEX. This is more than my patience can bear;
Pay fifty talents or fate with Tyre ye share.

JEWS. Down before you lay our wealth,
Pray keep the sword still in your belt.

CHORUS. To good terms we got him down;
How well we avoided his rage and frown,
How well we played our ancestral harp.
That man who will cheat us must be sharp.
In battles his equal cannot be found,
But in our treaties we wind him round.
How well we deceived him by tale and whim—
In trade we are too smart for him.

SCENE II—Alexander and followers.

ALEX. I have a plan, it's not vile;
I'll found a city at the mouth of the Nile,
Give unborn bards theme for a verse,
A centre of the world's commerce.

Chorus. Smooth and pretty assembling isle,
Glides along the ancient Nile;
Carried by this mighty stream,
Fleets of vessels safe can teem.
And here the ocean rolls its waves.
Girds the isles of Hellos—
With our ancestors' graves.

ALEX. From Darius I had an offer;
True it is good—it means no scoffer.
He proposes to make peace,
Of ten thousand talents his treasure will ease,
And of his dominions west of Euphrates
He gives me a lease.
His proposals are anything but mean;
He wants his daughter to be my queen.
Parmenio is my councillor wise,
He takes a great delight in my rise.
He said: "If I was Alexander, proud and haughty,
I would not wander such splendid offers!
I would feel highly honored, too."
I said yes, so would I, if I were you.
I'll go to Jupiter's temple, sacrifice to the mighty God;
His blessing shall be a magic rod.
In my hand it shall be a mighty tool,
Whereby I the nations can easily rule.

SCENE III—Jupiter's temple—Priests and Priestesses.

1st PRIEST. Our stars brightly shine;

Alexander's sacrifice to ^{our} a temple divine has come.
 Hundred talents—quite a sum.

2^d PRIEST. We will have our temple re-built,
 Jupiter's image renewed—our altar gilt.

3^d PRIEST. This old wooden block,
 But we will have him in marble cut.

1st PRIESTESS. Our gardens are greatly in need of repair,
 Our only resort when we need fresher air.

2^d PRIEST. If I'm allowed to have a voice,
 I propose some flowers from Babylon after my choice.

3^d PRIEST. Sisters, listen to what I will say,
 Still I don't mean to have my own way.
 Suppose we have some new dresses of the latest pattern
 to us from Memphis sent.

You don't call it an evil passion
 To yield a little to the rage of fashion.
 Some would surely call it vile,
 But oh, how I would like to dress in the latest style!
 Good gracious! we dress like the dead in our grand-
 mother's time,
 When Cambyses stained all Egypt with vice and
 crime.

4th PRIESTESS. I don't feel so worldly and gay,
 I am getting old when the truth I shall say.
 I have to manage and watch like an owl,
 And think more of the good of our fowl.

4th PRIEST. It is all very fine indeed,
 To spend our treasure with speed;
 Nobody thinks of our cellar's supply—
 I speak the truth—never lie.
 We have only one hogshead spared;
 Blessed be King Pharoah, he for us cared.
 Of that wine he to our temple sent,
 Before he down in the Red Sea went,
 It's now getting sour and old,
 Would not drink it for the sake of gold.
 I think we need a refreshment here,
 We who follow this holy temple care.

Enter Alexander and followers.

ALEX. Hail ye servants of a God mighty and just!
 I brought a sacrifice in golden dust.
 I like to be of Jupiter's blest,
 And get my name on his sacred list.

1st PRIEST. Hail to conquering Alexander!
 In Jupiter's grace he henceforth wander.

(To the Priests and Priestesses)

Brothers and sisters pray,
 Bend your heads down to the clay.

(Lightning and Thunder—then Jupiter's voice)

Alexander, my son, conquer in my name,
And immortal be your fame.

SCENE IV—Battle of Arbela—Alexander's army in battle
order, and he asleep.

(A voice in the air)

Wake Alexander! wake!

The world is at stake!

King of heroes wake!

See the sun is rising o'er the plain;

Wake to battle and to glory again.

(A little boy beating a drum, speaks)

Father says the army is ready,

All are waiting for you to come;

So he sent me out to call you with my drum.

ALEX. Beat your drum my little drummer boy,

Beat your drum your simple little toy.

Beat your drum, the deciding day has come;

My little darling, beat your drum.

(Alexander addresses his army.)

Now here again our enemy stands at bay,

This be the last and the deciding day.

We hail them all and merrily them greet,

The day is ours, and Asia at our feet.

Long be remembered the battle on the plain,

The gallant deeds of Alexander's men.

Long after smouldered to dust our bones,

Our deeds shall glitter on the sculptor's marble stones;

Hatreds and envy's voices to hush;

We furnish colors for the painter's brush.

And he who struggles for a name

Shall feel inspired by our hard won fame,

And be though it seems he struggles but in vain,

Shall strive and push and battle forth again.

And through all eternity the greatest of your gains

You fought with me and conquered on the world's
fated plains.

SCENE V—After the battle.

ALEX. Oh, glorious happy day!

Thanks to the Gods, now we have the sway,

Broken forever is Darius' main.

I am Asia's sovereign.

How gallantly our soldiers fought;

What faith they show in me.

They are guided by my secret thought,

And I forward go to victory.

No wonder their faith is blind—

My own is of a similar kind.

From doubts and fears my heart is free;

- No power can change my destiny,
 CAS. Since you Jupiter's son must call,
 You think yourself securely walled.
- ALEX. How it was, I cannot say.
 The night before a battle day, I courted sleep in vain,
 Was nervous, restless and in pain
 By thinking of the breaking day,
 Fame and glory looked so vain.
 When I thought of the blood that was to be shed,
 And knowing it was me who led,
 I often wished I was no King
 Nor leader in the war gods' ring.
 Last night I slept as sound as if I lived in happy peace,
 And the coming day a day of ease—
 And not for slaughter bound.
- SEL. Now here the Persians had their plain—
 Their chosen battle ground;
 But their efforts were all in vain.
 They for defeat were bound.
- DENT. How could they ever gain the day
 With leaders as they got?
 I saw Darius, their noble king,
 Jump from his chariot,
 Mount a horse and take the flight
 Before the lines were broke;
 Instead he ought to kept his stand
 And made a gallant stroke.
- PTL, And they were tired from standing,
 And all night under arms;
 Not to be taken by surprise,
 But ready for alarms.
- CAS. A prudent order, very wise.
 So is my true belief just worthy the great Darius,
 Their famous, gallant chief.
- ALEX. Don't mock him, comrades! mock him not!
 He is unfortunate;
 His career is downward bound,
 His star is on the set.
- CAS. Your star is rising, I have no doubt,
 You play your part so fine;
 You give such great and liberal gifts
 To all the temple shrine.
- ALEX. Stop now with your blasphemy,
 You take too much liberty.
 Will your ridicule never cease?
 You hardened infidel of Greece;
 For Babylon, the famous city,
 Under Persian rule an object for pity.
 Now up for this grand old nest,

Where we can on our laurels rest.

SCENE VI — Babylon — Priests— Citizens— Women— (Music)

CROWD. Welcome ! Welcome ! Alexander Great !!

Of you we have heard so much of late.

Will you change our sadly fate,

And give our city rate among the grand and glorious ?

You are victorious.

ALEX. Old Babylon so gay and fast

Shall capital be for my kingdom vast.

HIGHIP. The temple of Belus, our mighty god,

By Cyrus was struck with an iron rod

In ruins since it ever laid,

The tyrants over us cruelly swayed.

We were not allowed to keep our vow,

And to his holy altar bow.

ALEX. His holy temple shall be re-built,

I sacrifice give him, costly and gilt.

PSYs. But you must under our guidance be;

Be prudent, don't take such liberty.

In strangers Belus takes no delight.

Beware of his wrath and godly might.

ALEX. Yourself to please, put your god to comfort and ease.

You better know how his notions ranger

Than I, in Babylon, a stranger.

Ladies, how will this change you please ?

Will it improve your pleasure and ease ?

LADIES. Oh, charming ! charming it will be;

We will have more liberty.

We will see the glorious days of old,

The days of splendors, feasts and gold,

In flirtations, courting, love and kiss,

Resemble the days of Simiramis.

Oh, what magnificent dresses we shall wear !

And proudly the standard of fashion bear.

Our husband's we shall stop in their song,

Of taxes, troubles, hard times and throng.

How well they showed us how Persian fashion saves,

Hardened misers, ungrateful knaves.

SCENE VI — (Banquet).

ALEX. A month spent in a continual feast.

I am getting tired to say the least.

CAS. I think we need a recreation,

After our long, toilsome invasion.

So I will make use of this occasion.

Their wine is a grand success.

Their women's charm is none the less.

If not for Thaisas charm.

My rest would been short in Babylon's arm.

Oh, what a bewitching, dazzling beauty !
Demanding love and worship as a duty.

CLIT. By Mars ! your love is getting ripe.

ALEX. She is a model of our Hellenic type;
She is the image of Venus, our lovely goddess.

CLIT. Her name for virtue is none the less.

ALEX. I saw her first in Athens grove,
But my heart had little room for love,
Now here in Babylon we met.

CLIT. And now she's got you in her net.

ALEX. I sent for her to come down,
And by her presence our banquet crown;
To queen I will rise her, and give her the lead.

CLIT. A worthy queen indeed !

(Enter Thaisa and attendants).

ALEX. Hail Thaisa ! queen of beauty,
We pay her homage as a duty.

(They sit down—Ballet.)

ALEX. Day is breaking; we must go forth.
Beasus is gathering troops in the North.
Let us hurry, and by surprise,
Crush him before he has time to rise.

(Exeunt generals.)

ALEX. I must leave you and go with speed.

THAISA Oh, let some of your generals take the lead.

ALEX. If I am not at my warriors' lead,
Little praise will my history read,
A new Sardanapalus would be my name,
And small the place for honor and fame.
Farewell, Thaisa ! my ideal ! my goddess !
My sun ! My prize for toil in battles won.

(Exeunt Alex.)

THAI. At last I got upon the stand,
My longing hearts desire.
Thanks, Venus, lovely goddess, thanks.
You rose me from the mire.
A child of humble origin, with chances low and mean,
Shall of a proud and haughty world,
Be hailed as ruling queen.
From Sicily, my native isle, to Athens I did roam,
To win a fortune was my aim,
I stood in beauty's bloom.
I found admirers by the score, but none my heart
could lease,
Till I young Alexander saw—the rising star of Greece.
Oh, how I watched his career so glorious and bold,
And oh, how often did I dream I wore his crown of
gold.

My dream shall be reality—

A queen in beauty ring,
A worthy bride I think I am,
For the noble hero king.
When now the royal crown I wear,
The world shall know my mood;
Those who have insulted me shall tremble for their blood.

Now Clitus treats me with contempt.
Proudly on me looks down;
He thinks it is despicable for me to wear a crown.
When I at last have reached my point—am Alexander's bride,
The crimson drops from Clitus' heart
Shall heal my wounded pride.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—Bactria—Darius in chains—Bessus and followers.

BES. Come! Come! no longer tarry we,
Alexander is advancing rapidly.

DAR. No! I'll stay and for Alexander wait—in him I have fate.

In his generosity I am a believer,
He is not like you, a treacherous false deceiver.

BES. On the ruins of your power,
I will build my royal tower.

DAR. Fine castles you build in the air,
Soon Alexander will give you a scare.

BES. Come now, or have a row.

DAR. Not an inch farther than this.

BES. Well, then, take my bliss.

(Stabs him, Darius falls and dies)

(Lxeunt Bessus and followers—Enter Alex and followers)

ALEX. By Achilles! Here lies the unhappy Darius—poor his success.

Still we must pity him none the less.
Bleeding, his hands tied with chains,
Lies Darius, Asia's Sovereign,
Bessus and followers work upon my word,
They themselves condemn,
They shall be put to the sword.
Selucus! take ten thousand warriors brave;
Hunt them, slay them!
But give them no grave.
Leave them for raven and vulture as feed,
A punishment for their cruel deed.
First then, can Darius rest in peace?
His cries for vengeance will cease.

(Takes his cloak and covers the corpse—Weeps).

Speaks: On the uncertainty of life's glory.

A proof indeed. Here lies he who once was at the lead
of millions.

The son of inherited power.

Reared in splendors and luxury's shower.

Put on his ancestor's throne know no law but the will
of his own.

He represented forms in decay;

He could not stand for the tempest's sway.

His death was rude;

He shall be buried with all the pomp and splendor
becoming one of royal blood.

SCENE II—Palace near Persepolis—Thaisa; enter Alexander.)

THAI. Oh, Heaven! Oh how I am glad to see you back again
For I have got a great complaint—
No, I'll tell you plain.
The ladies in Persepolis for me have shown disgust;
It causes my heart to beat so wild and cherish hatred's
lust (Cries.

Oh, listen, Alexander, dear!

If we this haughty band,

To-night give them a fire so grand;

A sight magnificent and grand,

And it will please me best

To know they are all destroyed,

The whole infernal nest.

ALEX. No, such an act too cruel is.

And heaven's wrath would come down on me for des-
troying Persepolis,

A jewel in my crown.

THAI. Oh, Alexander! You are weak;

How will you think to rule

If you will let your subjects lead?

You are nothing but a tool.

If you the reins of government slack and don't keep
tight,

You will find yourself low on the ground;

Downtrodden from your height.

Some of your faithful generals to royalty aspire,

They wait for opportunity to carry their desire.

ALEX. I know, and have taken measures rude

To kill it in its blossom and bud.

(Enter Demetrius with Parmenio's head.)

DEMT. Here is old Parmenio's head.

Yours and your father's phalanx he often led.

Faithful and brave till later,

He turned out a traitor; (throws it down, Thaisa
kicks the head.)

Speaks: You old avaricious, ambitious head,
Many a wise and clever plan you laid,

How to increase the wealth and station for your tribe,
But not for your nation.
You blind worshipper of riches and glory vain,
Now a plaything for my foot, I must kick you again —
(kicks the head).

SCENE III—Banquet.

ALEX. Here is to Thaisa! handsome and fair!
A royal crown she soon shall wear. (All drink but Clitus)

ALEX. Why don't you drink to Thaisa's health?

CLIT. I don't approve of her fortune and wealth.
You are insulting, but I will let it pass away;
No quarrel shall over our pleasure have sway.

THAISA How is our fire?

ALEX. Forget your wicked desire.

THAISA. Now is the time for you to be firm,
Or else come down to their term.
Well, I spoke and told the truth
That mutiny among your men takes root.
Show yourself as the Great Alexander,
Let them know that you not like a shadow wander.

ALEX. Ptolemy! take a hundred of my guard,
And I'll give you a good reward;
Show neither mercy nor pity!
From four corners put fire to the city.
But hurry, so we can enjoy this grand sight
Whilst at our banquet to-night.

PTLN. You must be insane!
Burn a city to sooth a woman's wicked and vain,
Go! or your head lies low!

(Exeunt Ptolemy.)

CLIT. Here is to King Philip's memory,
He was a leader for men who are free.
He was a hero in the field.
In battles he carried high his shield.
He was a comrade when in camp,
And in the council he shone as a lamp.
Little did he care for dazzle, whim and twitter;
His motto: "Not gold all that glitter!"
He loved simplicity and was plain;
He had no desire for glory vain;
He was satisfied to be called a good king.
He did not aspire to a seat in the God's own ring.

(Drinks, Shouts.)

ALEX. I thank you, Clitus, I thank you all
For holding my father's memory up so tall.
Although at myself was thrown a ball.

(Enter Ptolemy.)

PTOL. I have done your will,

See if that your cup of joy can fill.

THAIRA. Oh! magnificent! charming! grand!
I see the flames with golden band
Leaping up towards the skies,
And oh! I hear the inhabitants' cries.
Charming! like music it sounds in my ear,
Oh, how delightful!
What a joy for a mortal to bear.

CLIT. A deed which will highly increase your fame;
Oh, we are getting proud of your name.

ALEX. What were the Macedonians before my father them
led?

Poor herdsmen; half savages spread.
The Greeks, a little scattered band,
Quarrelling, fighting, hand to hand.
Who led you to conquest?
Who covered you with riches and spoil?
Who made you the lords of Asia's soil?
When you by me no more are led,
Like a frightened herd, you will scatter and spread.

CLIT. Your superiority we don't deny.
To your vice and folly we will not apply.

ALEX. To my folly and vice?

CLIT. You are led by a woman we all despise.

ALEX. Your hand on the hilt!

Our blades shall soon be rudely gilt!

CLIT. Do you see this hand and remember the strife
At Granicus, when I saved your life?

(Leaving—Alexander grabs a spear from the guards and stabs him.)

Speaks: All friendship's ties are torn,
And from our hearts must slip!
Now, go! to Philip.

(Clitus falls, dies—Alexander throws himself over the corpse)

Speaks: Murdered my foster brother!
My battle shield!
Cursed be this hour when I to passion yield,
My power and fame, if I undone this strife,
All would I give could I bring him to life—(faints)

SCENE IV—Alexander—Thaisa—Alexander drinks—.

Speaks. If I could not for moments drown my memory in
wine,

I could not endure the wretched existence of mine.

THAI. Oh, don't worry over the past;
A few drops of blood—and of fire a little blast.

ALEX. But it was Clitus's blood I shed,
My finest city into ashes laid.

THAI. Cheer up again, be Alexander the Great;
Go to war with India; fresh laurels round your temple
wreath.

Don't let your conscience cut so keen,
Remind your love and me rise to queen.

ALEX. Never! My love is dead
Since Clitus's blood I shed.

THAI. By the eternal Venus's cart!
Are you void of soul and heart? (faints)
(Enters Philip—Alexander tears himself away.)

Speaks: Phillip, take her in your care,
My arms I must to India bear. (Exeunt.)

Thaisa recovers, speaks: Oh! Venus! my protectress help;
I feel so weak, so mean.

My show is gone! forever gone! to be the ruling
queen.

Oh, heaven, my poor heart is broke,
I cannot long survive,
This was to me a deadly stroke.
How worthless is my life.

Oh, how I wish I had controlled myself when yet in
time.

Not given evil passions sway—I suffer for my crime.
My lamentations are in vain,

Repentance comes too late,

I am doomed to suffer death—yield to my cruel fate.

Philip, you are true and good; tell me! tell me I pray
If at Olympus gate shall Alexander see?

PHIL. If you, as Alexander's bride, were faithful in your
love,

Be convinced you shall meet Olympus' holy grove.

THAIS. Oh, what a comfort! what an ease;

My spirit now takes wing;

Death for me no terror has, it lost the dreadful sting.

May heaven bless you, Phillip good,

What comfort you me gave.

To Alexander you shall bring, my blessing from the
grave.

Long may he reign and glorious,

And be the peoples' choice.

Tell him that his name so dear was in my dying voice.

(She dies.)

ACT V.

(Desert) SCENE I—Alexander's Army.)

ALEX. Oh, what a heat!

Of the desert sun I am badly beat.

It smothers me—melts my brain;

And all our search for water is vain.

In this sunburnt, dried up plain.

This paradise for snake and lizard;

This horrid, God-forsaken desert.

Enter soldier: Here, my King! is a little water
 I bailed up in my helmet—I had no cup.
 (Alexander takes the helmet.)

Speaks: Why should I be the only one who drinks in the
 band?

No, comrades, I'll give it back to the desert's sands.
 (Throws it on the ground.)

Chorus of soldiers: Long live great Alexander,
 Our brave and noble King!
 Through hardships, toil and danger
 He leads our gallant ring;
 And gladly we him follow,
 And will obey his voice,
 And go to the farthest end of the world
 If so might be his choice.

SCENE II—India—Alexander's Camp after the battle with Porus

DEMT. This was about the hardest battle I ever fought,
 To find such a resistance I never thought.

PTL. King Porus is a gallant foe.

SEL. Indeed, he's a hero.

And how long he kept us at bay.

CAR. His elephants have a terrible sway,
 Till we at last gave them a fright,
 Got them turned so they broke the Indian's lines and
 and put them to flight.

(Enter Porus with a guard.)

ALEX. How do you wish your treatment to be?

POR. Like a King! Give me liberty.

ALEX. I will give you all your possessions and liberty,
 And you will from this be a friend to me.

POR. You give me my rights and liberty.
 A trusty friend I henceforth shall be.

If you in resources and means be light,
 I'll serve you with all my might.

(Shake hands.)

(Exeunt Pormenio—Bucephalus' grave—Alexander's horse.)

ALEX. Here lies Bucephalus, my charger, brave,
 A true servant, we honor his grave.
 Impatiently his hoof cut up the ground,
 He champed his bit and foamed,
 When orders to charge I gave.
 He carried me through the thick of many a battle;
 He neighed, lifted his head; he loved the clank and
 armor's rattle.

No more he hears the trumpets blow,

Now his proud head lies low.

I take this as a warning that my career of wars must
 come to a close;

No more of the battlefield's laurel and rose.
 My men are tired, they want rest,
 Break up the camp! March homeward, west!

SOLDIERS. Your order with joy we obey;
 We had enough of the battle's sway;
 We had enough of danger and toil;
 We are longing for our native soil.
 No longer fight for the Golden Fleece;
 But homeward march to Greece.

SCENE III—(Persia) Susa, Alexander's Court.

ALEX. Now hear my plan;
 How I my universal kingdom establish can.
 I think it will be the best
 By intermarriages to unite the East and West.
 We will subdue our Hellenic pride;
 I choose the good Roxana for my bride.
 Among the fair daughters of Persia and Babylon take
 your choice;
 The rest will follow your example and voice.
 By this give the subdued conquered nations,
 Of liberality and forbearance some rations;
 And hatred and prejudice which they to us bear will
 disappear.
 It has for ages been the conquering nation's right;
 At least they called it so, for they had the might
 To make the subdued slaves.
 Cruelty, barbarism for justice it craves.
 Their carriers of water and hewers of wood—
 No! I am of a different mood—
 I will root out these old, stifled ideas as far as I can;
 They only stagnate the prosperity of man.

Enter CAS. with a robber.

CAS. Here I bring a robber of note;
 He took liberty with pockets in many a rich man's coat;
 He and his gang like devils fought,
 'Till they were overpowered and caught.
 The rest we hung in yonder palmgrove;
 That will break their desire to rove.

ALEX. How dare you rob the travelers on our roads?

ROBBER. I only meant to ease their burdens and loads.

ALEX. You shall die and suffer great pain.

ROBBER. I am ready and cherish no hopes in vain;
 These tortures I can bear;
 In my death I shall show no fear.

ALEX. There is something about him bold and grand;
 What made you be a leader for such a band?

ROBBER. Your example, my King, to speak out plain.

ALEX. You must be insane!

ROBBER. I will explain. You armies lead and battles won,
Bold and victorious.
The people hailed you as the Great and said how glo-
rious.

Young Alexander, so they said, he makes the nation free;
He breaks the chains which bound us down, he gives
us liberty.

This started me on my career, for glory I was vain;
But being reared in poverty my means were small and
plain.

I had no army I could lead nor wield at my command,
So I picked up a few of my kind and formed a robber
band.

What you have for nations done with great success,
I did for individuals in misery and distress.

So when I met these lords of wealth,

Who little cared for right,

I took with them some liberty.

I made their purses light.

I then divided out the spoil,

To those who were in need;

So is my crime, so is my guilt,

For which I now shall bleed.

So were my motives and desires,

King, noble, great and high.

I now have told the naked truth

And am prepared to die.

ALEX. With our usual rule I take liberty. Go! be free.

ROBBER. Your fame and glory shall never die;
Your name will be kept in honoꝛ high.

SCENE IV—Babylon—A room in a Palace.

ALEX. How can it be that I feel so melancholy;

So void of ambition and energy.

Oh, the past is overwhelming me!

Oh, the shadows of the past!

If I could destroy my memory

And silence conscience's voice. *at last*

But no! it goes beyond my power,

Although I can destroy my senses' tower;

Dull and deaden the feelings of mine

By drinking freely of this here wine. (Drinks.)

I feel refreshed; my spirit takes a bolder flight;

If not for this nectar, joy and happiness would be light;

Still happier had I never yielded to its might.

How it grieves me that Hephastian should die;

So young and robust, in station high.

Oh, the fever rages in my blood

And puts me in a dreary mood.

My health is broke
 By toil, hardship and dissipation's stroke.
 Should my career come to an end?
 No! I trust in Philip's skill; he my health can mend.
 Belus's priests warned me from entering Babylon
 Before his sacred feast was over.
 Oh, superstition I will recover.
 The gods cannot cut me off in my prime;
 It will be unjust; it will be a crime,
 I long enough with melancholy fought;
 I will cheer up and throw away this dark and gloomy
 thought. (drinks.)

Now the view is brighter;
 My thoughts are getting lighter.
 Am I not the great Alexander?
 As the world's conqueror proudly I wander.
 Am I not in manhood's prime,
 The leading spirit of my time?
 And the nations me adore,
 For their rights my arms I bore.
 My young wife promises an heir,
 The crown of my vast kingdom to wear.
 And last: Euphrates' waters bore Niarchus and his
 Fleet, the explorers of Persia's unknown shore.
 Their enterprises fruits will to the future yield;
 Their names be sparkling diamonds on my shield.
 If not for the past I now should be
 The happiest in mortality.
 But I will banish it and away from my memory cast.
 (Drinks. Enter CLITUS's spirit.)

ALEX. Clitus! Clitus! what brought you here?

CLIT. Warning to you of death I bear.
 I stood in Olympia's hall when I heard Jupiter's call;
 His voice like thunder sound Clitus you are bound
 For Alexander, Tell that he not wander
 More under my protection; but with reflection
 Shall look upon his life and be prepared to finish
 earthly strife

So spoke the god on high:
 "Now, Alexander, you must die!" (Exeunt spirit.)
 (He sinks down,) Enters Court.

ALEX. Roxana, my wife and queen,
 My understanding is getting keen.
 From Jupiter I had a call;

I now shall meet in Olympus's hall
 How pomp and splendor look pale and vain; *came*
 Roxana! you cannot hold the scepter; the ruling *king*.
 Take the province of Susa for your domain.

ROXANA. O, calamity, misfortune, mishaps!
 Shall my fortune's sun so soon elapse?

A cruel fate winds us round;
O, heavens, my star goes down.

ALEX. Comrades, my vast domains, east and west,
Divide them as you can best. Who is the worthiest?
Take this ring and be their ruling king.

(The ring drops on the floor. Alexander dies.)

PHILIP. Here lies the clay of Alexander;
Give him his due and hear no slander.
Conquerer of the world—and still his passion's slave—
A great example he to mortals gave,
He too was frail and made his blunder;
But what he built, none but he could keep from fall-
ing asunder.

The waves of time will roll
And wash down nation after nation.
But to the last of this world's generation
Is held in memory Alexander's name.
So long as there is a world, immortal is his fame.

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 823 4

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by
FREDERICK RICE,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. All Rights Reserved.